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THE SULTAN OF SULU

A MUSICAL COMEDY

LYRICS BY

GEORGE ADE

(OF "FABLES IN SLANG" FAME.)

MUSIC BY

ALFRED G. WATHALL.

VOCAL SCORE.

Price $2.00 net
6/-

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"THE SULTAN OF SULU"

An Original Musical Satire in Two Acts

Produced under the Direction of

THE CASTLE SQUARE OPERA CO.

(Henry W. Savage, President.)

Book and Lyrics by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Ki-Ram, the Sultan of Sulu	FRANK MOULAN
Col. Jefferson Budd, of the Volunteers	GEO. SHIELDS
Lieutenant William Hardy, of the Regulars	TEMPLAR SAXE
Hadji Tantong, the Sultan's Private Secretary	FRED. FREAR
Datto Mandi, of Parang	WM. H. HATTER
Wakeful M. Jones, Agent and Salesman	PAUL NICHOLSON
Ding Bat, Captain of the Guard	HAROLD WARREN
Didymos, Nubian Slaves	JOHN J. FOGARTY
Rastos, Nubian Slaves	GILBERT F. BROWN
Henrietta Budd, the Colonel's Daughter	MAUDE LILLIAN BERRI
Pamela Frances Jackson, Judge Advocate	BLANCHE CHAPMAN
Chiquita, Wife Number One	GERTRUDE QUINLAN
Maurica, Wives of Ki-Ram	JESSIE BRADBURY
Ramona, Wives of Ki-Ram	LILLIAN SEFTON
Galula, Wives of Ki-Ram	MILDRED ELAINE
Natividad, Wives of Ki-Ram	LAURA DOTY
Remenita, Wives of Ki-Ram	LOUISE KELLY
Natalia, Wives of Ki-Ram	ADELE LORRAINE
Selina, Wives of Ki-Ram	GLADYS COEMAN
Miss Roxbury, The Schoolma'ams	BONNIE HENKLE
Miss Dorchester, The Schoolma'ams	NORA JOHNSON
Miss Cambridge, The Schoolma'ams	RUBY POWELL
Miss Newton, The Schoolma'ams	LILLIAN MAURE

Musical Director	ALEX. SPENCER
Stage Manager	CHARLES JONES

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT I—Exterior of Sultan's Palace, Island of Sulu, in the Fillippino group.

ACT II—Roof Garden of Sultan's Palace.

Marches by Chas. H. Jones.

Dances arranged by James F. MacDonald.

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THE SULTAN OF SULU.

№ 1.

Overture.

Lyrics by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.

Allegro molto.

Piano.

ff pesante.

ff

f

ff

sfz

Allegretto.

sf

poco rit.

a tempo.

mf

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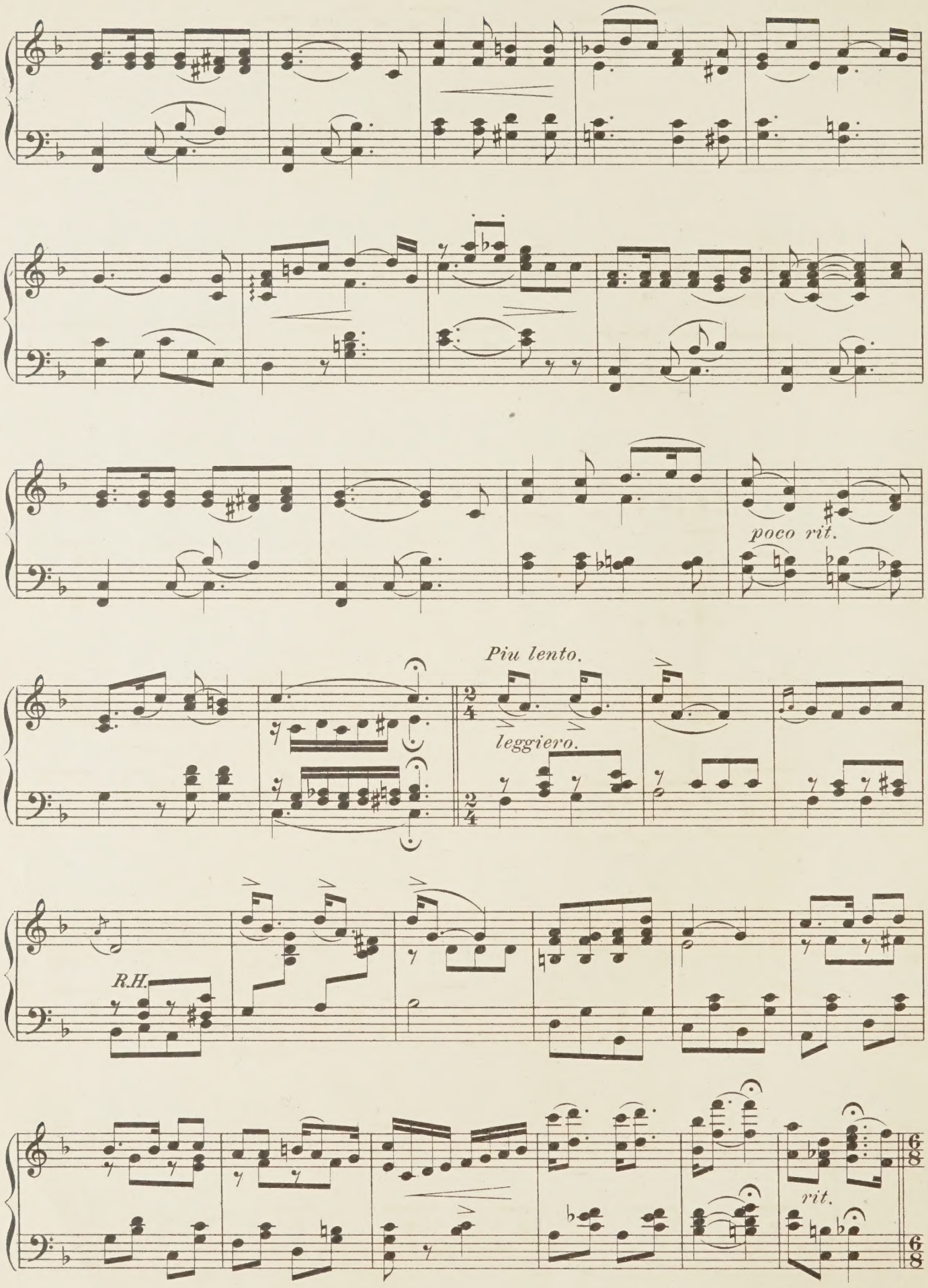

poco rit.
Piu lento.
leggiero.
R.H.
rit.

Andantino.

rit.

Allegro moderato.

f

mf

marcato.

f melodia marcato.

f

f

mf

f

Vivace.

ff

rit.

Tempo di Valse.

R.H.

f

melodia marcato.

rit.

f

rit.

rit.

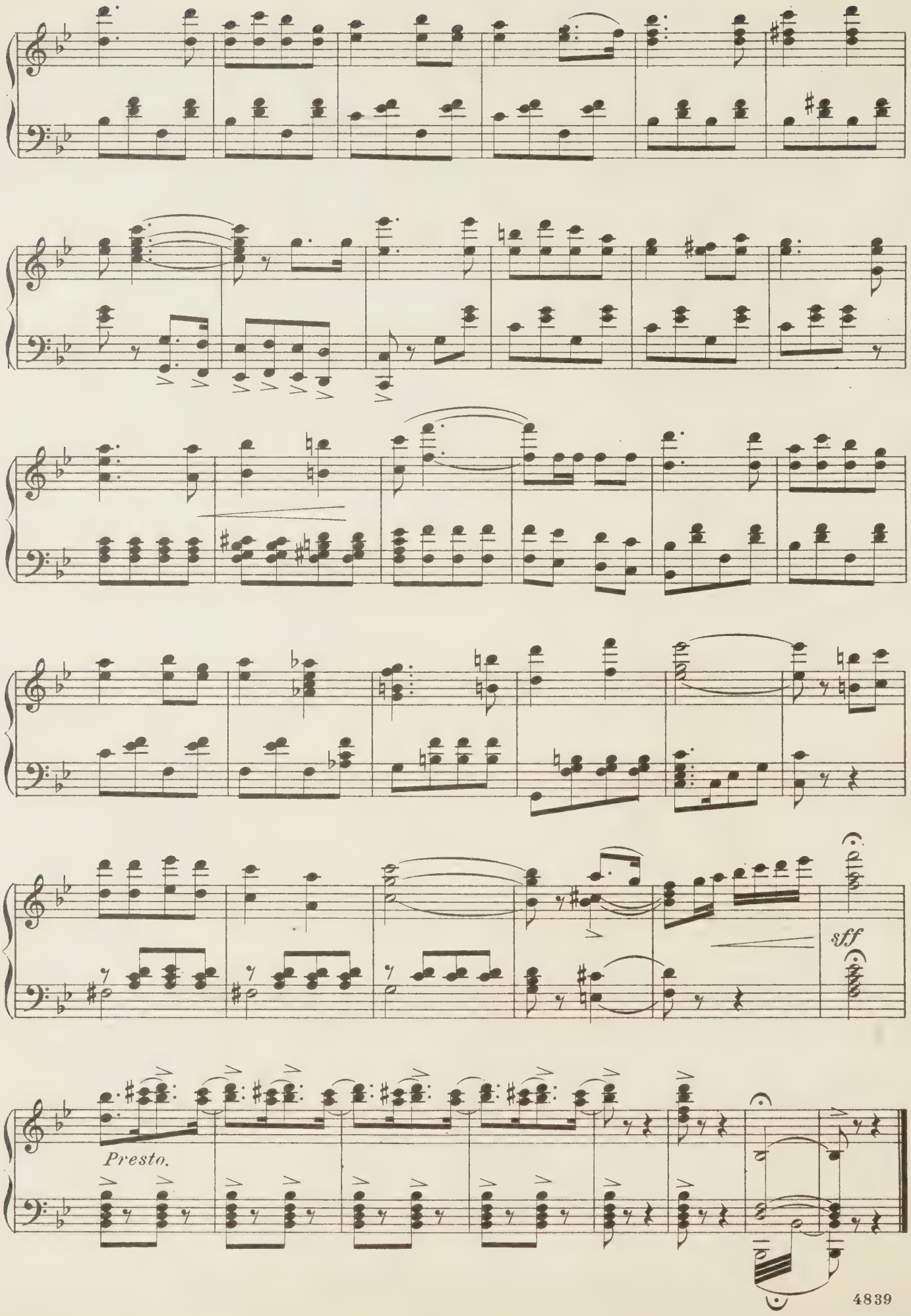
Tempo di Gavotte.

f

mf

Tempo di Galop.

ff


sff
Presto.

ACT I.

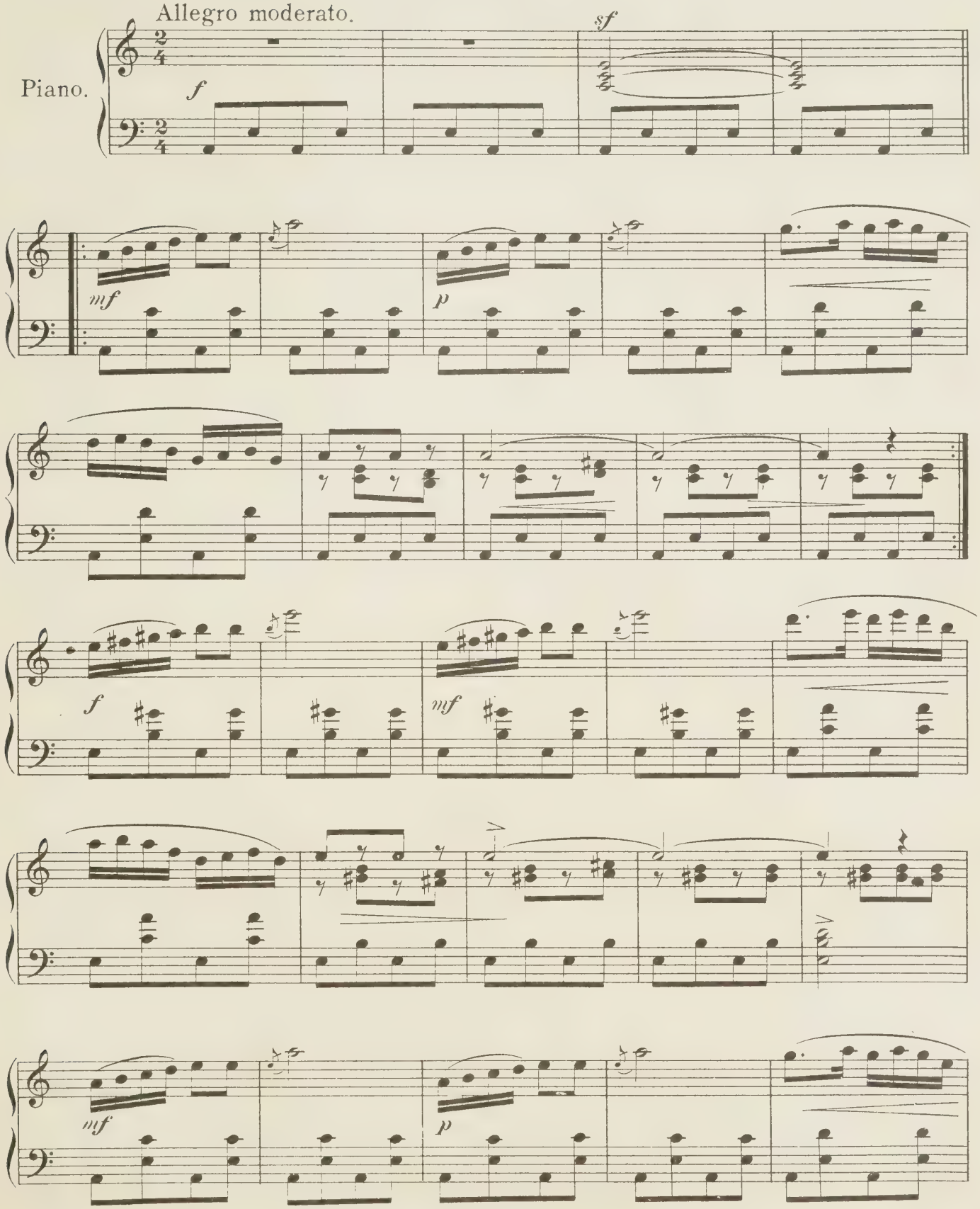
No 2.

Opening Ensemble.

The Dawning Day.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.



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SOPR. & ALTO.
CHORUS.
TEN. & BASS.

mf

The dark - ness breaks The day's be - gun

mf

marcato.

Sul - tan!

Hail to the Sul - - tan! And the Sun!

NATIVE GUARDS.

f Hail!

One can - not rank a - bove the

ff

8

mf

oth - er The sun is but the Sul - tan's broth - er

sf Hail! *f* Sa -

8 *ff*

lute the Sun, ma - jes - tic Sun, He is the Sul - tan's

f

broth - er

f Sa - lute the sun, ma - jest - ic sun,

mf The dark - ness breaks

He is the Sul - tan's broth - - er.

mf

Sul - tan

The day's be - gun Hail to the Sul - - tan And the

Sun! One can - not rank a - bove the

Hail!

oth - er The sun is but the Sul - tan's broth - er. Sa -

lute the sun Sa -

Ma - jest - ic Sun

lute the sun The sun Sa -
Ma - jest ic sun

lute the sun The sun
Ma - jest - ic sun

He is the Sul - - tan's broth - er. With
unis.
unis.

re - gal sway the King of day and this the

marcato

rea - son we should say He

is the Sul - tan's broth-er.

With re gal sway the King of

day and this the rea - son we should say

He is the Sul - - tan's

broth-er.

poco rit.

Enter Wives, dancing.

Allegro moderato.

mf

Enter Chiquita.

sfz

Allegretto.

CHIQUITA.

At ear - ly morn at break - fast time It is

mf

our wife - ly du - ty To greet the Sul - tan

with a rhyme And to charm him with our beau - ty So we

come a sweet oc - tette Of most un -

will - - ing brides To tap up - on the cas - ta -

Tutti.
SOPR. & ALTOS.

net And do our span - - ish glides; To

tap up - on the cas - ta - net Tra la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la!

sf *sfz*

Tempo I.

SOPR. & ALTOS *ff*

CHORUS. Sa - lute the Sun

TEN. & BASS. *ff* Ma - jest - ic

Tempo I.

f

Sa - lute the Sun The

Sun Ma - jest - ic

Sun Sa - lute the Sun Ma - jest - ic

Sun He is the Sul - - tan's broth - er.

unis.

With re - gal sway the King of day and

this the rea - son we should say

marcato.

He is the Sul - - tan's broth-er

stringendo.

sf

№ 3.

"Hike!"

SOLDIERS SONG.

Lieut. Hardy and Volunteers.

Lyrics by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

f (Bugles.)

𝄋 *a little slower.* SOLDIERS.

We have-n't the ap-pear - ance
We want to as - sim - i - late

sf *mf*

good-ness knows Of plain com-mer - - cial men From a
if we can The broth-er who is brown We

has - ty glance you might sup-pose We are frac - tious now and
love our dusk - y fel - low man And we hate to hunt him

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then But though we come in war - like guise And bat - tle front ar -
down So when we per - for - ate his frame We want him to be

rayed It's all a bus'- ness en - ter - prise We're seek - ing for - eign trade.
good We shoot at him to make him tame If he but un - der - stood.

colla voce.

f *a tempo.*

We're as mild as a - ny tur - tle dove, tur - tle dove, When we see the

f

foe a - com - ing _____ We med - - i - tate on hu - man

marcato.

love, hu-man love, When we hear the bul - lets hum - ming ____ We

teach the na - tive pop - u - la - - tion What the gold - - en

rule is like _____ And we scat - ter pub - lic ed - u -

ca - - tion On__ ev - 'ry blast - ed hike!

ff D. S.

№ 4. Chorus of Greeting.

Allegro moderato.

Wel - come A-

mer - i - ca - nos Wel - come in o - ri - ent - al style; Wel - come A-

mer - i - ca - nos Wel - come in o - ri - ent - al style Su - lu bids you

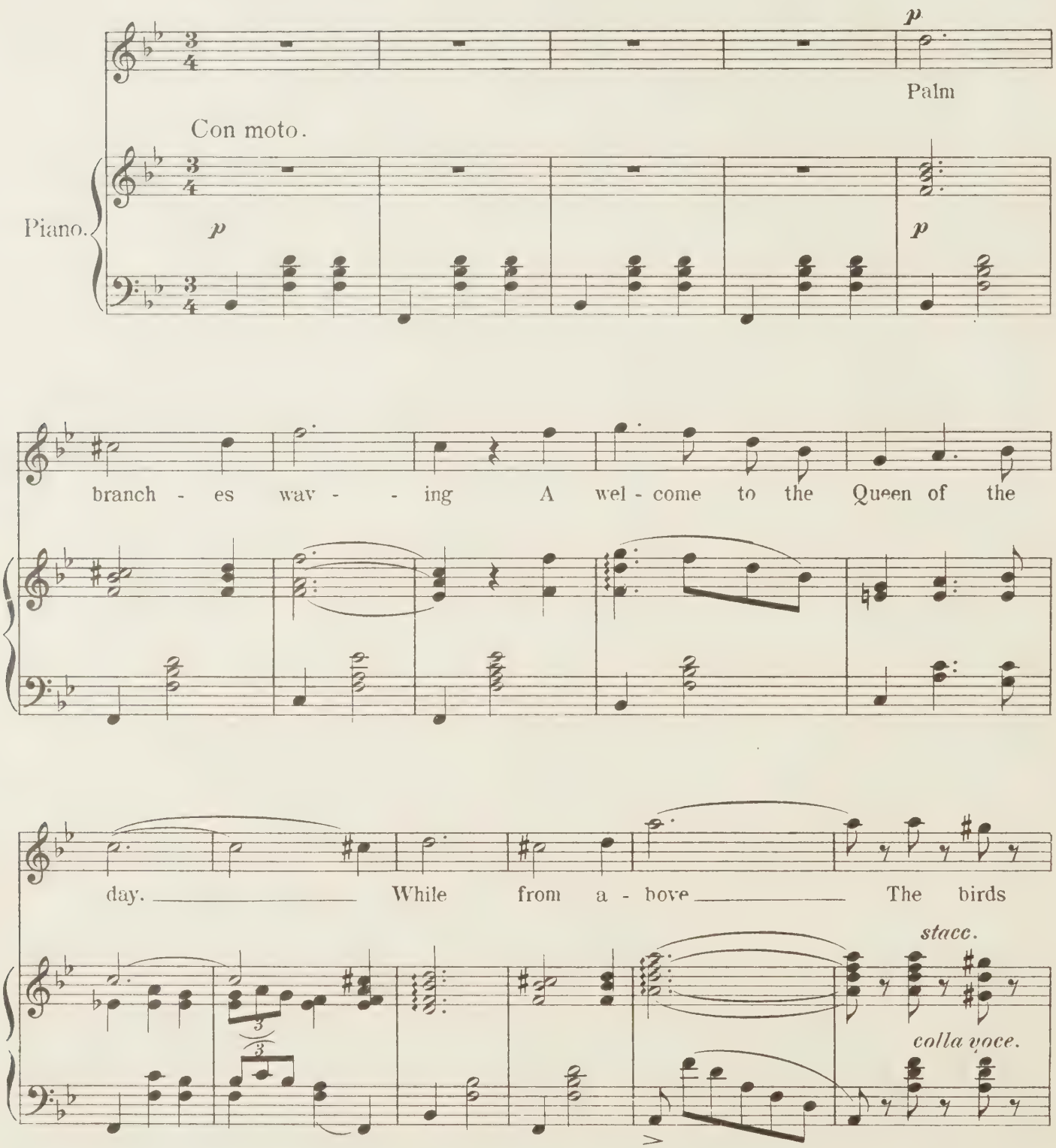
wel - - come, Su - lu bids you Wel - - - - come.

Palm Branches Waving.

№ 5.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.



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poco rit. *ad lib.* *a tempo.*

seem to join in the lay Long

a tempo.

have I sought thee Oh charm - ing lit - tle trop - i - cal

Isle Here let me lin - -

ger, lin - ger for a while.

mf

Brillante.

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

CHORUS.

Branch - es gen - tly wav - - ing Wel - - come

Brillante.

Ah! Ah!

to the Queen of day High up in the

Ah!

boughs Sing - ing birds war - ble their lay.

Long have I sought you Oh,

p

charm - ing lit - tle trop - i - cal Isle

Here let me lin - - ger, lin - ger

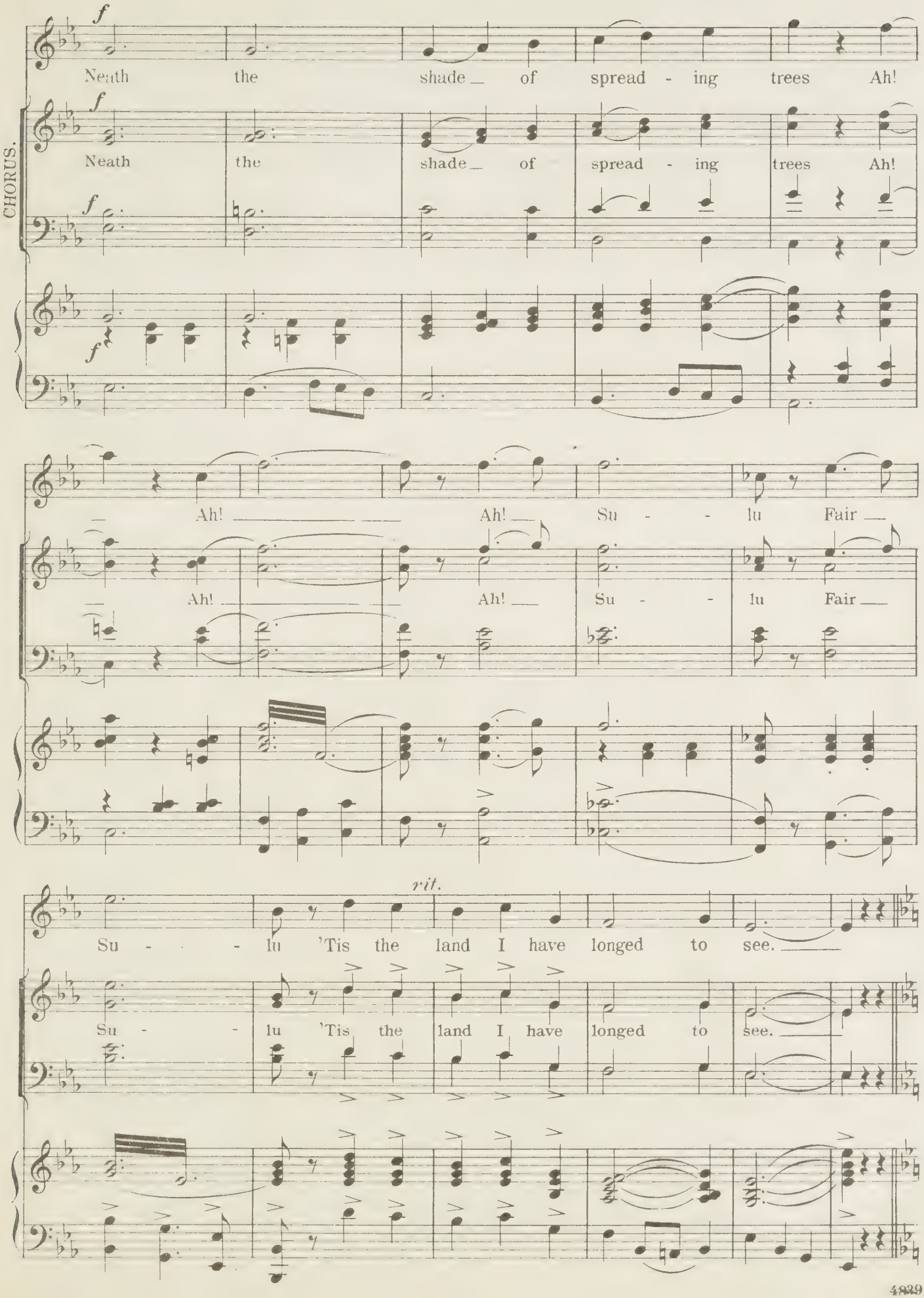
for a while.

Soft - - - ly comes the south - - ern

breeze Ah! Ah!

Land so bright of pure de - - light Oh,

how I have longed for thee.


CHORUS.
f
Neath the shade of spread - ing trees Ah!
Neath the shade of spread - ing trees Ah!
Ah! Ah! Su - - lu Fair
Ah! Ah! Su - - lu Fair
rit.
Su - - lu 'Tis the land I have longed to see.
Su - - lu 'Tis the land I have longed to see.

tr

Ah! Long

f

have I sought you oh, charm - ing lit - tle trop - i - cal

Isle Here let me lin - -

- ger, lin - ger for a while.

Ped. *

Ah! Ah! Ah!

Dream - - ing, dream - - ing, Dream - - ing

p

mf *cresc.molto.*

Ah! Ah! Ah!

dream - ing Ah! Ah!

mf *cresc.molto.*

Allegro.

Ah!

Ah!

Allegro.

fff

Nº 6.

Schoolma'am's Song.

Roxbury, Dorchester, Cambridge, Newton.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.

Allegretto.

Piano.

f

From the

p

land of the cer - e - bel - lum When clubs a-bound and

books are plen - ty When peo - ple know be-fore you

f *mf*

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tell 'em — As much as a - ny - one knows

f

We come to teach this new pos - ses - sion All that's

mf

known to a girl of twen - ty And such a girl it's our im -

pres - sion — Knows more than you might sup - pose. —

DANCE.

mf

And such a girl it's our im -

f

pres - sion Knows more than you might sup - pose.

Entrance of Colonel Budd.

No. 7.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

f (Bugles)

ff

CHORUS.

ff

He is the Col- 'nel of the Vol - un - teers

ff

sf

ff

Unison.

He is a strang - er to all com - mon fears A

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deep and dar - ing pol - i - ti cian And a

most as - tound - ing man!

Enter Budd.

mf

sfz

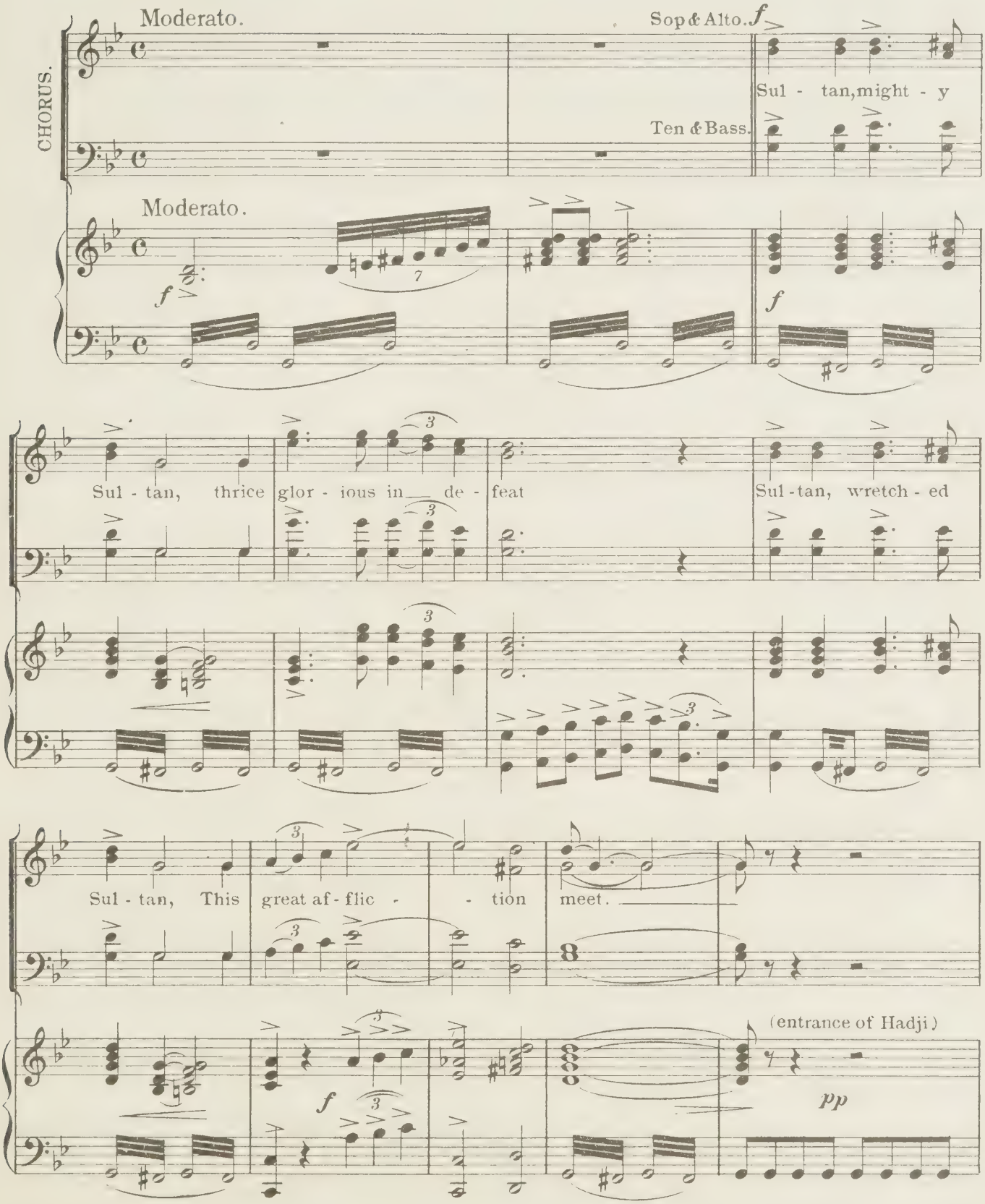
attacca.

Entrance of Sultan.

No 8.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.



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pp

col 8va bassa.

entrance of Ki-Ram.

What do you think? I've got to die, My time has come to say good-

mf

bye To my up - hol-stered Su- lu throne And all that I can call my own.

f

The Smiling Isle.

No 9.

KI-RAM.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.

Vivace.

Voice.

Piano.

f

Commodo.

KI-RAM.

We have no dai - ly pa - pers To tell of New - port ca - pers No proud four hun - dred to look down on
We have no prize - fight slug - gers No vau - de - vil - lian mug - gers Not one of us has ev - er shot the
We have no pol - i - ti - cians And un - der no con - di - tions Do we tol - er - ate the fraud who cures by

mf

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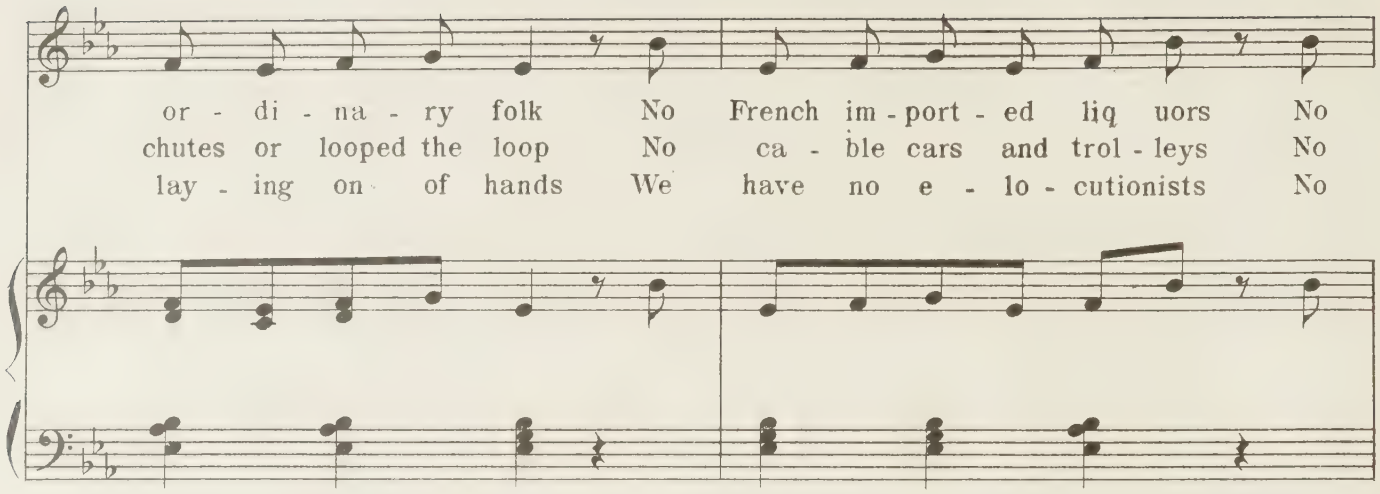
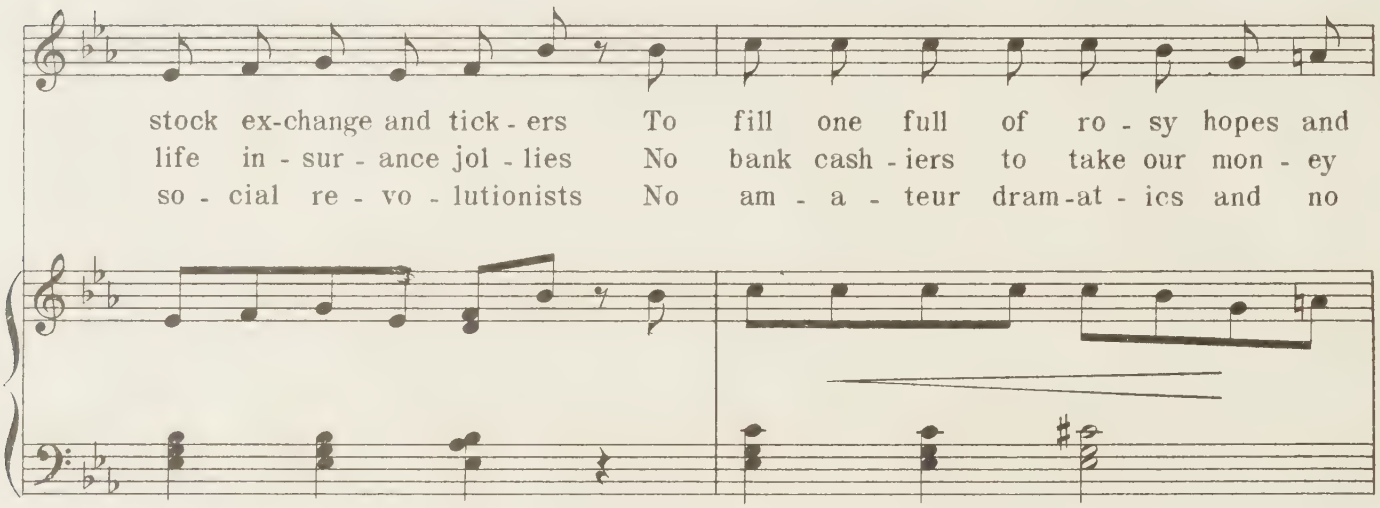
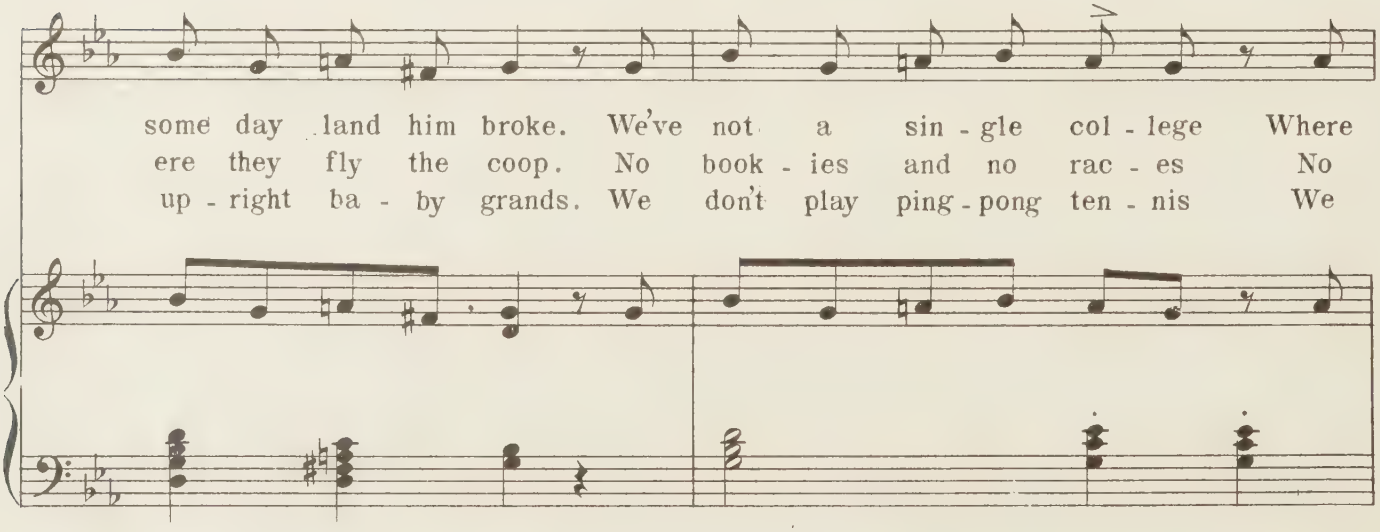

or - di - na - ry folk No French im - port - ed liq uors No
chutes or looped the loop No ca - ble cars and trol - leys No
lay - ing on of hands We have no e - lo - cutionists No


stock ex-change and tick - ers To fill one full of ro - sy hopes and
life in - sur - ance jol - lies No bank cash - iers to take our mon - ey
so - cial re - vo - lutionists No am - a - teur dram-at - ics and no


some day land him broke. We've not a sin - gle col - lege Where
ere they fly the coop. No book - ies and no rac - es No
up - right ba - by grands. We don't play ping - pong ten - nis We

youth may get a know-ledge of bas-ket ball and cig-a-rettes and
sea-side sum-mer plac-es where fierce chauf-feurs may slaughter one with
nev-er know the men-ace Of a pass-ing fad or fan-cy that may

pok-er and the like. No jan-it-ors to sass us No
Au-tos brought from France. No dra-mas of so-cie-ty Chock
turn the na-tions head. I'm proud of my dom-in-ion When I

po-lice to ha-rass us And we've nev-er had the pleasure of a La-bor U-nion strike
full of im-pro-prie-ty — No di-a-lect con-tor-tions and no rag-time song and dance
voice the bold o-pin-ion That we'll nev-er know the tor-tures of a pa-tent fold-ing bed.

poco rall.

REFRAIN. 2d time lower words.

And that is why you'll un - der - stand I love my own, my
And that is why you'll un - der - stand He loves his own his

p - f

CHO:
Su - lu! 1st time only.

na - tive land My lit - tle Isle of Su - lu Smil - ing Isle of
His

CHO:
Su - lu! *animato.*

Su - lu I'm not rea - dy to say good bye I'm
He's He's

animato.

1. *f Tutti.* 2.

ver - y sor - ry that I have to die And has to die *D.C.*
he

f *sf* *D.C.*

No. 10. Oh! What a Bump.

TRIO.

Jones, Ki-Ram and Budd.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

f *sf*

1. JONES. At a mu - sic - ale or five o'-clock or
2. BUDD. — The stu - dent of dra-mat - ic art once
3. KI RAM. Did you ev - er feel like say - ing "D-n" When

sf *p* *p*

so - cial jam - bor - ee 'Tis there the swag - ger peo - ple flock for a
tack - led Ro - me - o And scored a tri - umph in the part — His
some pre - co - cious brat Re - cites a piece called "Ma - ry's lamb — or

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Slower.

bite and a sip of tea. And this is what you'll hear:
friends — all told him so. And this is what they said:
"Lit - tle pus - sy cat." And this is what you say:

colla voce.

Tempo I.

It's been a charm - ing af - ter-noon De - light - ful don't you know.
"You're the ver - y best since Ed - win Booth and Ir - ving can't com-pare You'll
What marvelous ta-lent she does pos-sess For one of her ten - der age I'm

Tempo I.

p

Sor-ry I have to leave so soon but "rul - ly" I must go." But
do fine busi - ness in Dul-uth and kill them in Eau Claire. But
sure she'd make a great suc-cess if you'd put her on the stage. But

af - ter she's a - way In her cou - pe
when they got a - way In some ca - fe
lat - er in the day When you're a - way

1. KI.& BUDD.
2. KI.& JONES.
3. JONES & BUDD.

"What does this self - same wom-an say? Well! what does she say? —
"What did these self - same crit-ics say? Well! what did they say? —
What do you then pro - ceed to say? Well! what do you say? (KI) If that

colla voce.

1. JONES. That was the tack-i - est time I've had in twen - ty years or more The
2. BUDD. His prop-er place is a trol - ley car He's the worst I ev - er saw When
aw- ful kid be - longed to me I'll tell you what I'd do I'd

crowd was jay and the tea was bad and the whole af-fair a bore!"
such a ham at-tempts to star He ought to be stopped by law!"
keep it un-der lock and key and beat it black and blue.

All on repeat.

1. JONES. Oh what a bump! A lack-a-day 'Twould darken her whole ca-reer___ Could the
2. BUDD. Oh what a bump! A lack-a-day 'Twould darken his whole ca-reer___ Could the
3. KI. Oh what a bump! A lack-a-day 'Twould darken the child's ca-reer___ _Could

mf-f a tempo.

1. 2.

host-ess know what peo-ple say When she's not there to hear!_ she's not there to hear!
ac-tor know what peo-ple say When he's not there to hear!_ he's not there to hear!
pa-rents know what call-ers say When they're not there to hear!_ they're not there to hear!

D. S.

We Are Engaged.

No 11.

DUET.

Henrietta & Lieut. Hardy.

Words by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.

Andantino.

Voice.

Piano.

f

L. Sweet - heart, doubt my love no more Be - lieve me I'm sin -
H. Mar - riage is a doubt-ful state I think of it with

p *mf*

cere I love no oth - er on this trop - ic shore You're the
dread Still an en-gage-ment need not in - di - cate That one

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on - ly girl that's here. H. Oh! Lieu-ten - ant I can-not with-
real - ly means to wed. L. Hen - ri - et - ta you are quite cor -

stard A man who pleads like you So here's the
rect I have been en - gaged be - fore Frank-ly I'll

prom - ise of my heart and hand At least for a month or two.
tell you, al - - so, I ex - pect To be en - gaged some more.

rit. Tempo di Valse Lente.

BOTH. We are en - gaged in a sort of a way And we will tru - ly

p colla voce.

love each oth - er Though it may chance there will soon come a day When I can

learn to love an - oth - er I take this {man / girl} on pro-

mf

ba - tion {He / She} will take me just the same For it is sim - ply a

cresc.

slight var - i - a - tion of the same lit - tle flirt - ing game. *D.C.*

sfz *D.C.*

In Our Little School.

No. 12.

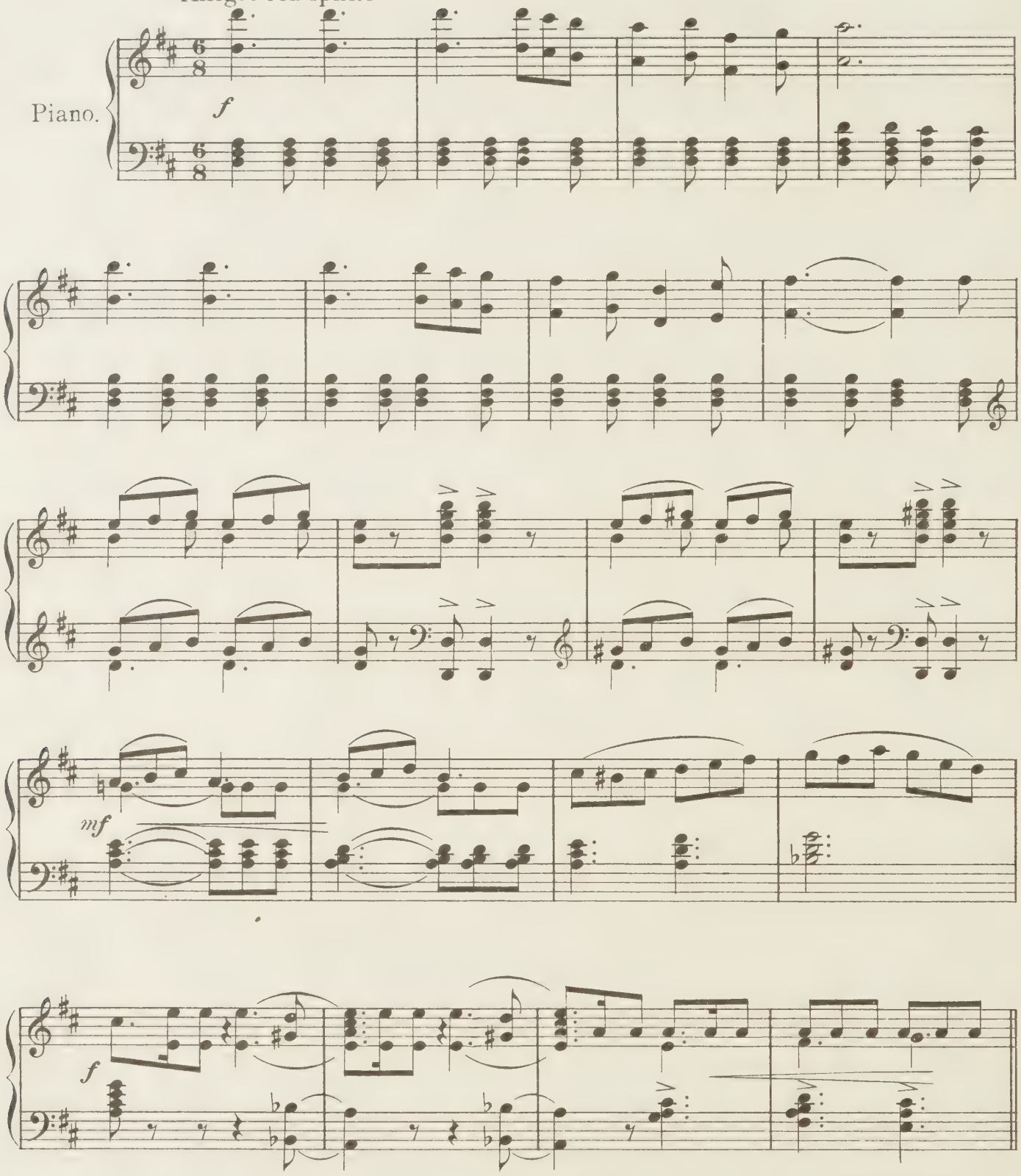
Schoolmaams and Chorus.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.

Allegro con spirito.

Piano.



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CHORUS.

SOP. & ALTOS.

ff

Give three cheers for ed - u - ca - tion Hur - rah! hur-rah! hur - rah!

TEN.& BASS.

ff

ff

Give three cheers for ed - u - ca - tion Hur - rah! hur-rah! hur - rah! A

ti - ger too for ed - u - ca - tion How we love our teach - ers dear

sf *sf*

An at - trac - tive ag - gre - ga - tion From the West-ern hem - is - phere

sf *sf*

Give three cheers Hur -

- rah! hur - rah! hur - rah!

ff

SOP. & ALTO

They have

mf

TEN. & BASS.

taught us how to chat-ter How to gos-sip how to flirt How to

court a maid and flat-ter In a man-ner most ex - pert How to

SOP.

vex a sigh - ing lov-er by pre - tend - ing this and that How to

TEN.

go each night and hov-er Near your chos - en la - dy's flat.

ff

SCHOOLMA'AMS.

Oh! the knowl - edge they are gain - - ing!

mf

TUTTI. SCHOOLMA'AMS.

In our lit - tle school Mod-ern meth - ods we're ex - plain - - ing

f *mf*

TUTTI. SCHOOLMA'AMS.

f In our lit - tle school They are learn - ing day by day What to

do and what to say In the tru - ly cul - tured way.

rit. *mf*

TUTTI. SCHOOLMA'AMS & TUTTI.

In our lit - tle school, Oh the knowl - edge we are gain - ing

they

f *ff*

In our lit - tle school, Mod - ern meth - ods we are gain - ing

they

In our lit - tle school; We are learn - ing day by day What to

They

do and what to say In the tru - ly cul - tured

way. In our lit - tle school,

WIVES. SCHOOLMA'AMS.

In our lit - tle school, In our lit - tle school,

8 loco.

TUTTI. pp

In our lit - tle school.

pp

№ 13. My Sulu Lulu Loo.

Chiquita & Wives.

Lyrics by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
NAT. D. MANN.

Molto Allegro.

Voice.

Piano.

mf *f* *p*

till ready.

In Su - lu once there lived a belle Whose win - ning
If she went out to take a stroll This pal - pi -

p

ways had cast a spell Up - on a chief of great re - nown
tat - ing ea - ger soul Would wave his snak - ey knife at her

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He was smit - ten sore. He fol - lowed
Say - ing "Fly with me." In jun - gle

her both night and day He tried to steal this girl a - way
deap she thought to hide Since she could not be - come his bride

And un - der - neath her win - dow he re - peat - ed o'er and o'er:
When all at once she heard this song from out a bam - boo tree:

REFRAIN.

"Lu - lu, you're my Su - lu Lu - lu Loo

p-f

Lu - lu do take pit - y on me do

I want no one else but you

Lu - lu you're my Su - lu Lu - lu

1. Loo."

2. Loo."

fz

No. 14. Finale I.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.

Allegro di Marcia.

Piano.

f L.H. *sf*

sf

CHORUS.

SOP. & ALTO.

ff Ki - Ram the new made chief Our our rul - er Dem - o -

TEN. & BASS.

ff

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-crat - - ic From re - - cent state of grief Trans-

-ferred to bliss ec - stat - ic For - get - - ful of his

and

scare and its at - ten - dant pal - lor He ac -

cepts this job so fair al - so, al - so the

sal - - a - - ree!

Maestoso.

(enter Colonel Budd and Ki-Ram)

ff Maestoso.

KI-RAM

Quasi recit.

No crown for me of or - di - na - ry gold! A

sf

Gov - er - nor I'm to be and I've been told That

this which the Col-onel calls a hat Is the

BUDD.

prop-er thing for a Dem-o-crat. 'Tis em-blem-at-ic

chaste and hat He's proud, he's proud to wear a

KI-RAM.

hat like that. How do I look?

sfz *pp* *f*

Tutti.

ff *pp*

Won - der-ful glo - ri-ous What do you think of that?

ff

sf *sfp* *ff*

Unaccompanied.

pp *mf* *f* *sff*

Could a - ny-thing, Could a - ny-thing, Could a - ny - thing, Ex -

pp *mf* *f* *sff*

pp *Lento.*

ceed the sim-ple beau - ty of a hat, of a hat.

pp

pp

rit. *fff*

LIEUTENANT.

Moderato.

Let all at strict at - ten - tion stand The

Moderato.

pp *mf*

glor - ious mo - ments nigh When o'er this lib - er -

- a - ted land The stars and stripes will fly.

HENRI.

If

(Orchestra.)

Con anima.

I would be a sol - diers bride I must not grieve what -

p

e'er be-tide But laugh the tear drop from my eye And

cheer - i - ly wave a last good-bye And ev' - ry girl that's left be -

poco agitato.

mf

hind Civ - i - lian love will spurn And

nev - er a one will change her mind Till the vol - un - teer's re -

rit.

Allegro.

ALL TENORS.

turn. March! March! Hearts are light! Step with jaun-ty

f *mf*

pride To the fight! To the fight! Where each may win a bride.

March! March! Hearts are light! Step with jaun - ty pride.

To the fight! To the fight! where each may win a

ALL WOMEN.

bride. For they know the girls they leave be-

f

hind All civ - il - ian love will spurn There is

nev - er a one will change her mind Till the vol - un -

Tutti.
ff unis.

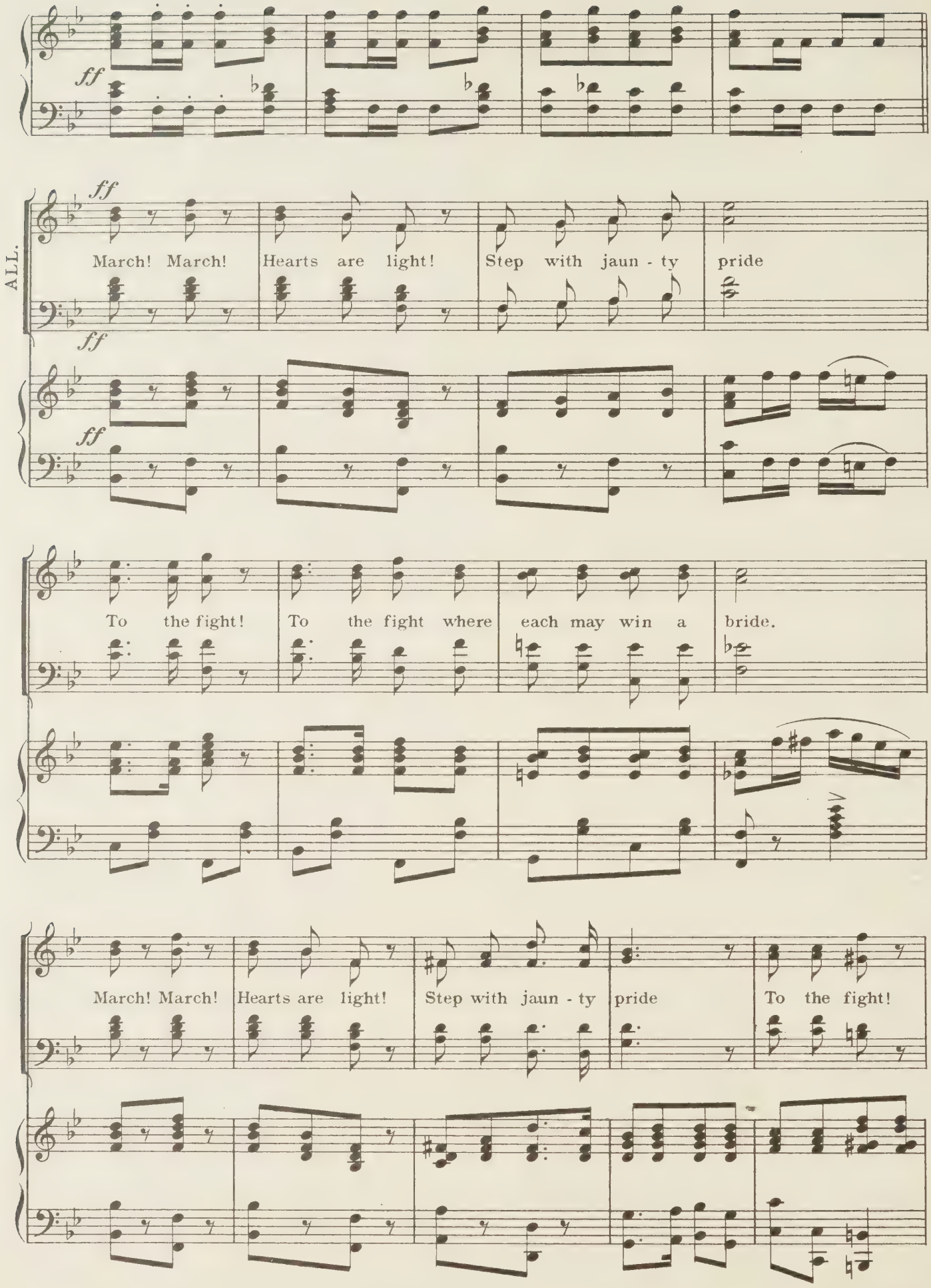
teers re - turn; For {they / we} know the girls {they / we}

ff

leave be - hind all civ - il - ian love will

spurn There is nev - er a one will change her

mind till the vol - un - teers re - turn.


ff
ALL.
ff
March! March! Hearts are light! Step with jaun - ty pride
ff
ff
To the fight! To the fight where each may win a bride.
March! March! Hearts are light! Step with jaun - ty pride To the fight!

unis.

To the fight! Where each may win a bride. For they

unis.

we

know the girls they leave be - hind All civ - il - ian

we

marcato.

love will spurn There is nev - er a one will

change her mind till the vol - un - teers re - turn;

For they know the girls they leave be - hind All civ -
we we

il - ian love will spurn There is nev - er a

one will change her mind till the vol - - un - - -

teers re - - turn.

ff

Presto.

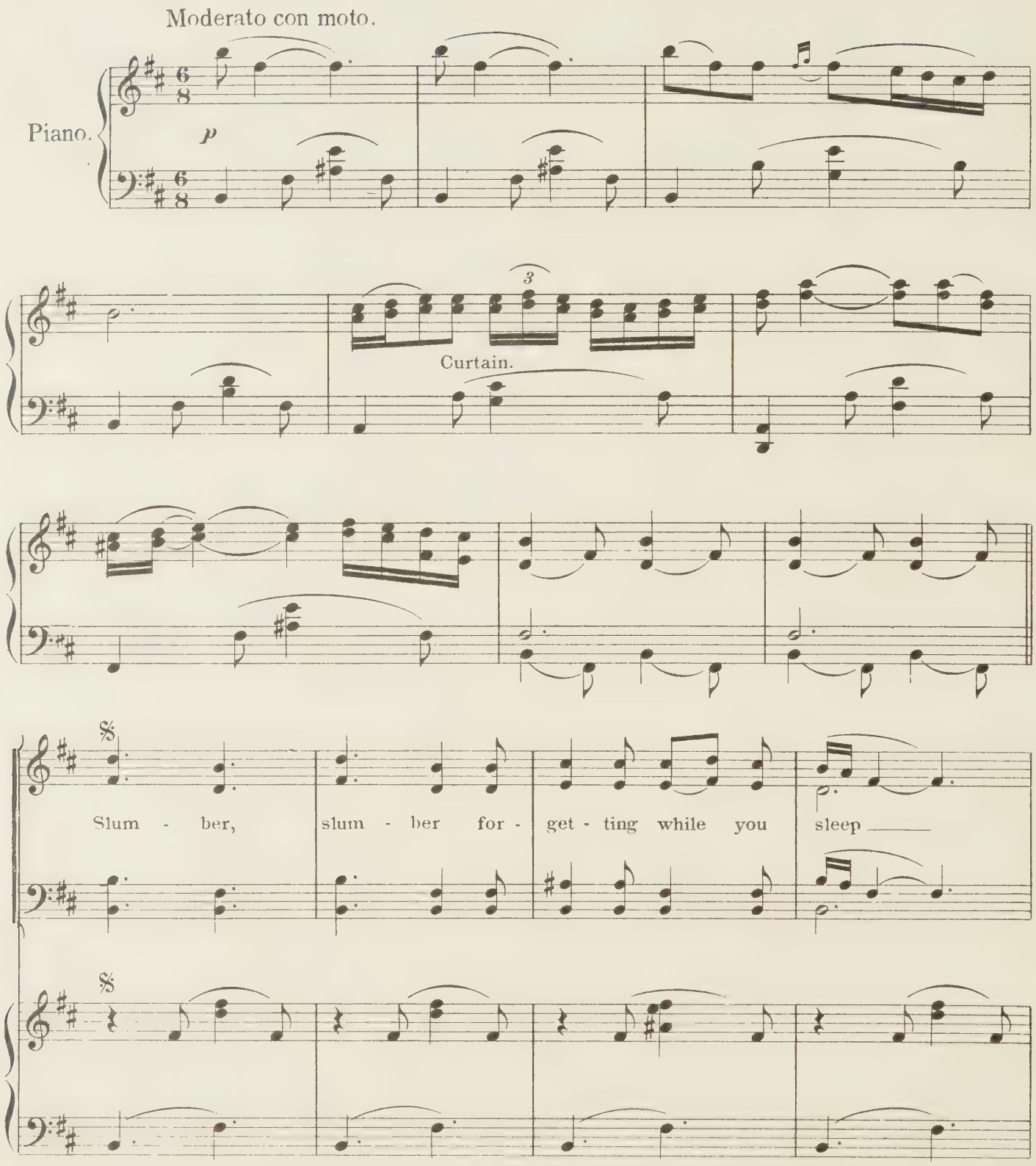
sffz

End of Act I.

ACT II.

№ 15. Opening Chorus.

Slumber Song.



Small and great af - fairs of state while we our vig - il

keep While we our vig - il keep.

Fine.

Fine.

Last time rit.

Slum - ber on no cares en - cum - ber One who's lost in peace - ful slum - ber.

1.

Slum - ber on, Slum-ber on drow-si - ly dream-i - ly slum- ber.

2.

Drow - si - ly dream-i - ly slum - ber

D.S.

Entrance of Sultan.

Moderato.

f

rall.

sfz

R-e-m-o-r-s-e.

KI-RAM.

№ 16.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.

Moderato.

KI-RAM. very mournfully.

Voice.

The cock-tail is a
If ev-er I want to

Enter-KI-RAM. (with bad headache.)

8va

Piano.

p *till ready.*

sfz

sempre staccato.

pleas-ant drink It's mild and harm - - less, I dont think! When
sign the pledge It's the morn - - ing af - ter I've had an edge When

you've had one You call for two And then you don't care
I've been full of the oil of joy And fan - - cied I was a

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what you do Last night I lift - ed twen - ty - three of
sport - y boy The world was one Ka - lei - do - scope of

these de - coc - tions in - to me My wealth in - creased I
pur - - ple joy, tran - scend - ant hope 'Twas un - di - lu - - ted

felt first - rate I felt so good I stayed up late.
per - fect bliss I did - n't feel a bit like this.

R - E - M - O - R - S - E The wa - ter wa - gon is the
No more fan - - - - cy

pp *mf*

place for me At 12 o' clock I felt im-mense To-day I fav-or to-tal
drinks for me A dark brown taste, A burn-ing thirst; A head that's ready to___

p *mf*

ab-sti-nence My eyes are bleared and red and hot I ought to eat But
split and burst I'd like to hold it under a pump When I hear a noise I

pp *mf*

Almost recited.

I can-not It is no time for mirth and laugh-ter
want to jump It is no time for mirth and laugh-ter The

sffz *pp*

cold gray dawn of the morn - - ing af-ter.

f D.C.

No 17.

Entrance

Imperial Guards _Col. Budd & Chorus.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.

Tempo di Marcia.

Piano.

ff

f SOLDIERS _(TENORS & BASSES.)

No long - er than a cen - tu - ry a-

mf

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go We lived in hum - ble style Our

f *mf*

meth - ods were par - tic - u - lar - ly slow Our

f

man - ners ju - ve - nile Not count - ed in the list of

pow - - ers Or looked up - on as worth a

rap! But now what place as proud as ours For

we in-tend to fill the map, To fill the map, To fill the

map, To fill the map We are

TEN.

troops of the twen- ti - eth cen - tury kind With our

BASS.

troops of the twen - - tieth cen - tury kind With our

gau - dy col - ors bright - ly flash - ing The

pride and the joy Of our own na - tive-land For the

re - - cords that we're smash - ing Our

form - er is - o - la - tion makes us smile, sir, We have

ff

learned to sing a diff' - rent tune It

may keep us bus - y for a while, sir, But

we shall come to like it soon _____ We'll come to like it

Oh we come to like it

soon We'll come to like it soon.

yell.

yell.

ff

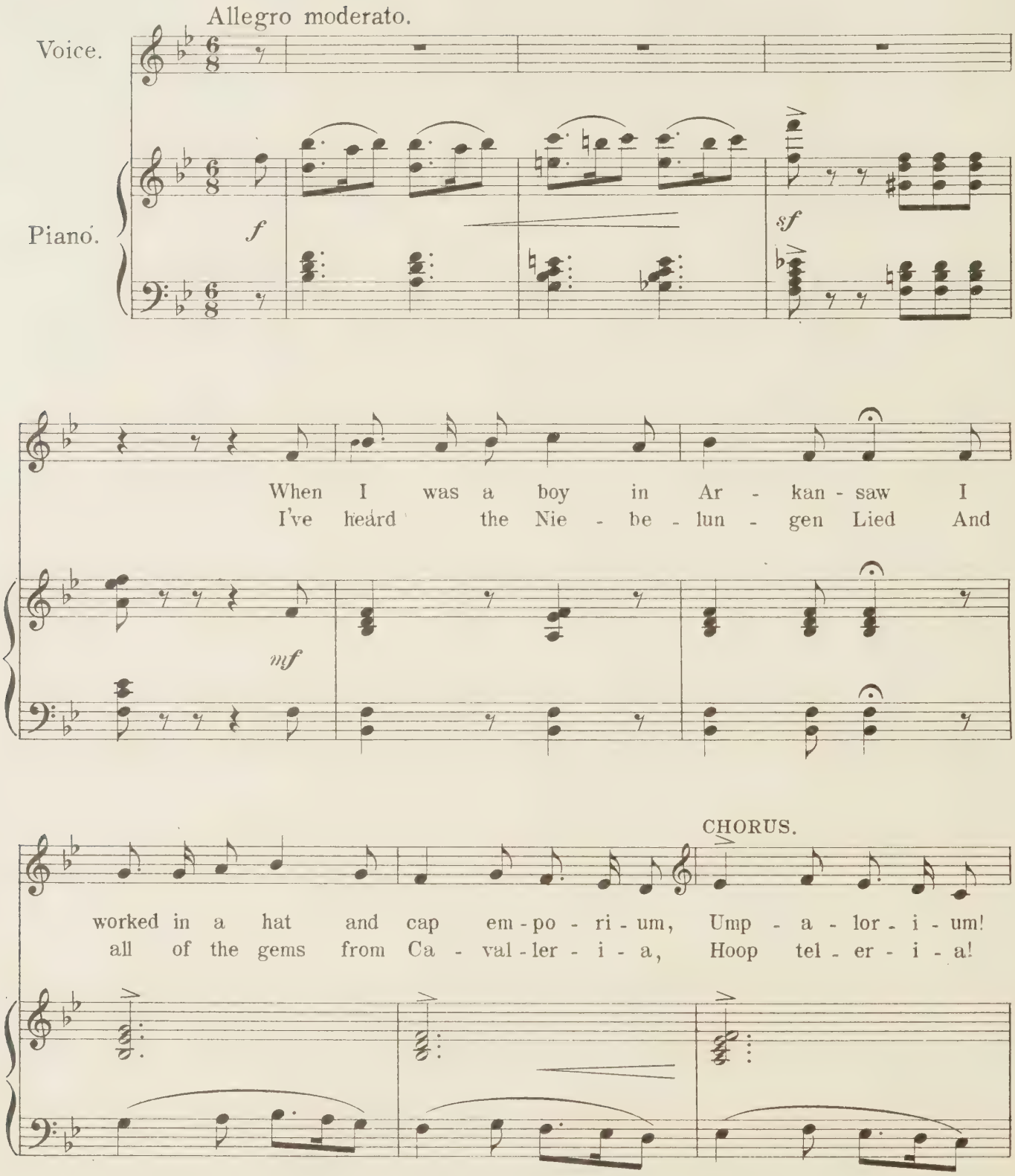
No 18.

The Old Jay-Bird.

(COLONEL'S SONG.)

Lyrics by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.



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COLONEL.

Ump - a - lor - i - um! Hat and cap em - -
Hoop - tel - er - i - a! gems of Cav - - - al - -

f

por - i - um. — Af - ter that I
ler - i - a. They're rath - er tune - ful

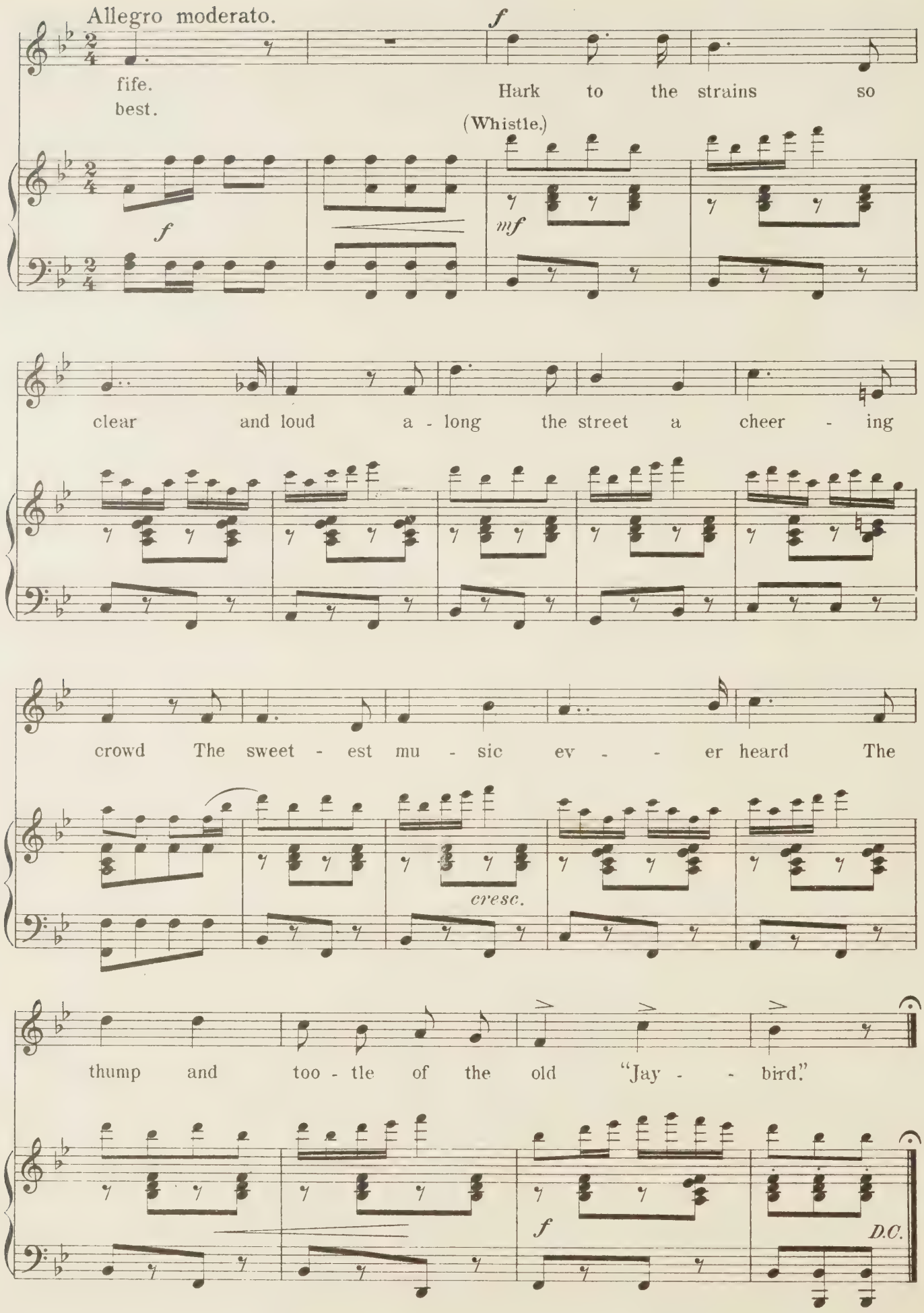
ff *mf*

stud - ied law But I longed for a sol - dier's life And my
I con-cede But to swell a col - onel's chest They will

poco rit.

heart would bound at the mar - tial sound of the drum and the pierc - ing
not com - pare with that swinging air that I al - ways have loved the

colla voce.


Allegro moderato.
f
fife.
best.
Hark to the strains so
(Whistle.)
f
mf
clear and loud a - long the street a cheer - ing
crowd The sweet - est mu - sic ev - - er heard The
cresc.
thump and too - tle of the old "Jay - - bird."
f
D.C.

Since I First Met You.

No 19.

(Drippling Sunshine.)
KI-RAM.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.

Moderato.

KI-RAM

Voice.

Piano.

f *sfz* *p*

I am a dash - ing gay Lo - tha - ri - o I've a rep - u - ta - tion as a gal - lant beau. Court - ing pret - ty maids is a
I've gone a spark - ing ma - ny, ma - ny times I have quite a stand - ing as a so - cial pet Writ - ing ten - der notes and com -

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ha - bit hard to break I'm a bald co - quette and rath - er
pos - ing lit - tle rhymes To each Des - de - mo - na that I've

reck - less rake. I've told my love to count - less girls But
ev - er met. I've sworn that each was my first love But

ne'er a word was true For my pas - sion in - tense it was
ne'er a word was true For I nev - er knew bliss of a

mere pre - tense Un - til I en - coun - tered you.
kind like this Un - til I en - coun - tered you.

Slower.

Since I first met you Since I first met you The

p-f

o - pen sky a - bove me seems a deep - er blue

Gold - en, drip - pling sun-shine warms me through and through Each

p

flow - er has a new per - fume Since I met you.

Allah! Strike for Thee.

NATIVE WAR SONG.

No. 20.

Lyric by
GEORE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.

Allegro.

unis.
ff ALL NATIVES.

Drive the foe in - - to the sea

Piano.

ff

ff

Al - lah! Al - lah! strike for thee Drive the foe in - - to the sea

ff

ff

Al - lah! Al - lah! strike for thee Winds and fu - - ries

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Wild and free, Al - lah! Al - lah! strike for thee

Drive the foe in - - to the sea! Al - lah! Al - lah! strike for thee.

Al - - lah! Al - - lah! Al - - lah!

sff

No 21 a

Rosabella Clancy.

JONES.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.

Allegro moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

f *p*

Oh! Now the

sing no more of the cres-cent moon A-bove the man-go tree, Or
mer-it of a Clan-cy song I'm sure you will a-gree Lies

of the bold and free mon-soon That fans your lo-cal sea; I've
in the fact that it's not long Nor in too high a key. No

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some-thing here of a class-ic turn Which you should learn to sing As
won - der that you all ad - mire This beau - ti - ful re - frain If

true mu - si - cians you must learn To do this sort of thing. Oh!
a - ny one should so de - sire I'll tackle it a - gain. Oh!

f

Allegretto.

Ros - a - bel - la, Ros - a - bel - la Clan - cy She has

p - f

caught my i - dle fan - cy Sim-ply a sten - o -

graph - ic girl But a price - less prin-cess And a pearl.

Ros - a - bel - la, Ros - a - bel - la Clan - - cy She is

ev - er bright and glan - cy Cute, co - quet - tish, song and

danc - y Ros - a - bel - la, 'Bel - la Clan - cy. Clan - cy.

1. 2.

sfz *sfz*

D.C.

Manistee.

Ki-Ram and Chorus.

No. 21 b

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.

Allegretto.

KI-RAM

Voice.

Piano.

sfz *p*

I nev-er heard such a song be-fore Nor such a spright-ly air I'm much in-clind to shout "En-core" I'm pleased beyond com-pare And now I'll ask a chord in G-for this sad roun de-

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lay A-bout the girl from Man-is-tee Who up and went a-way.

colla voce. L.H.

Moderato.
(Second time chorus.)

O, dar-ling sis-ter, come back to Man-is-tee, Come

mf

back to Man-is-tee, Come right a-way For moth-er is wait-ing For you

cresc.

back in Man-is-tee, Come back to Man-is-tee, Come right a-way.

sffz *sffz*

No 21.c

Delia.

Chiquita.

Lyrics by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.

Allegro moderato

Piano.

ff

A long a - bout Thanks-
I doan' be - lieve in
I longed to kill dat

p

marcato.

giv - in' A - way las' yeah A sad-dle - cul - lud Ve - nus Come a-
e - choes It doan seem right To heah de song yo' sing-in' Come
ras-cal I was so mad An' yet mah judg - men' tole me Dat

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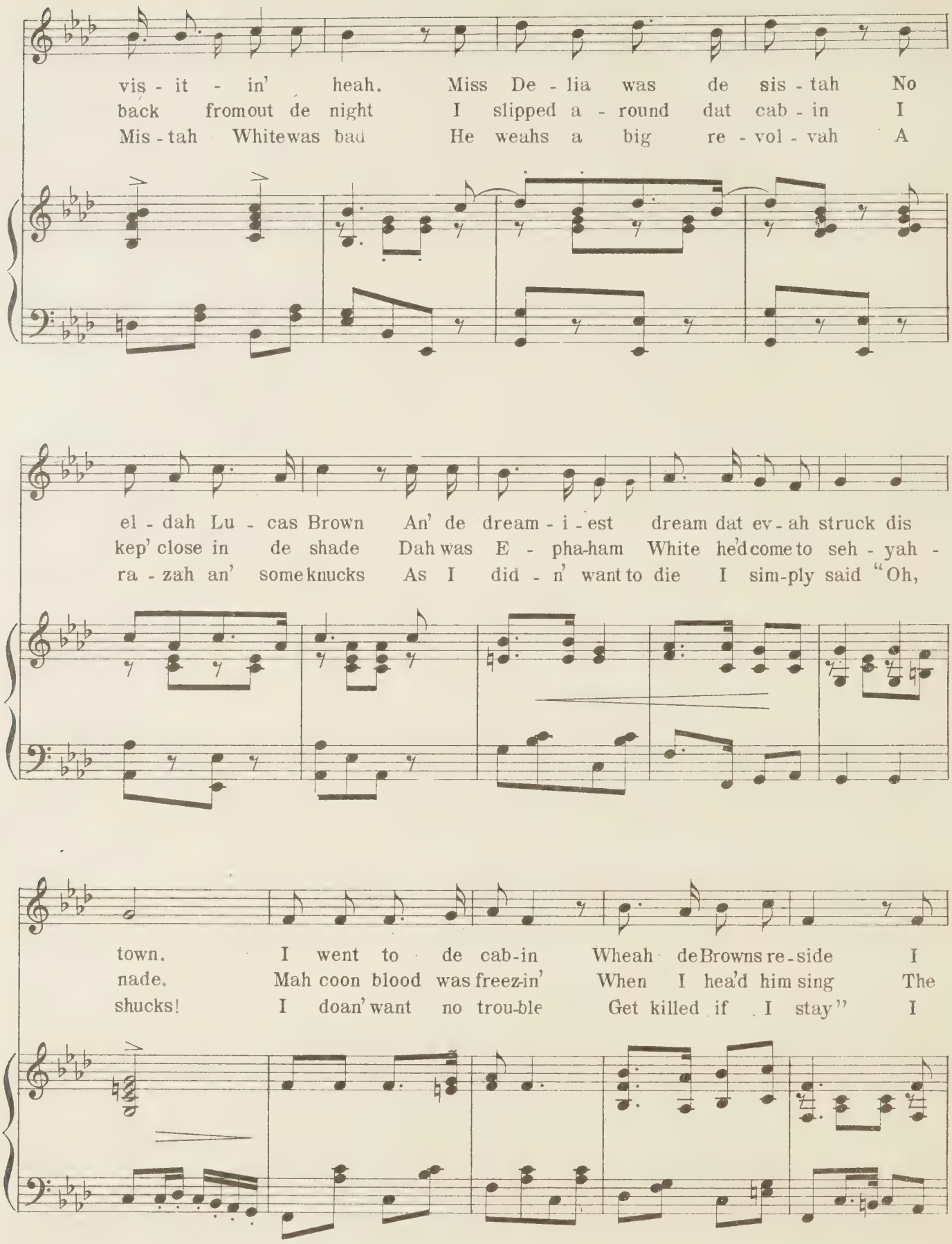
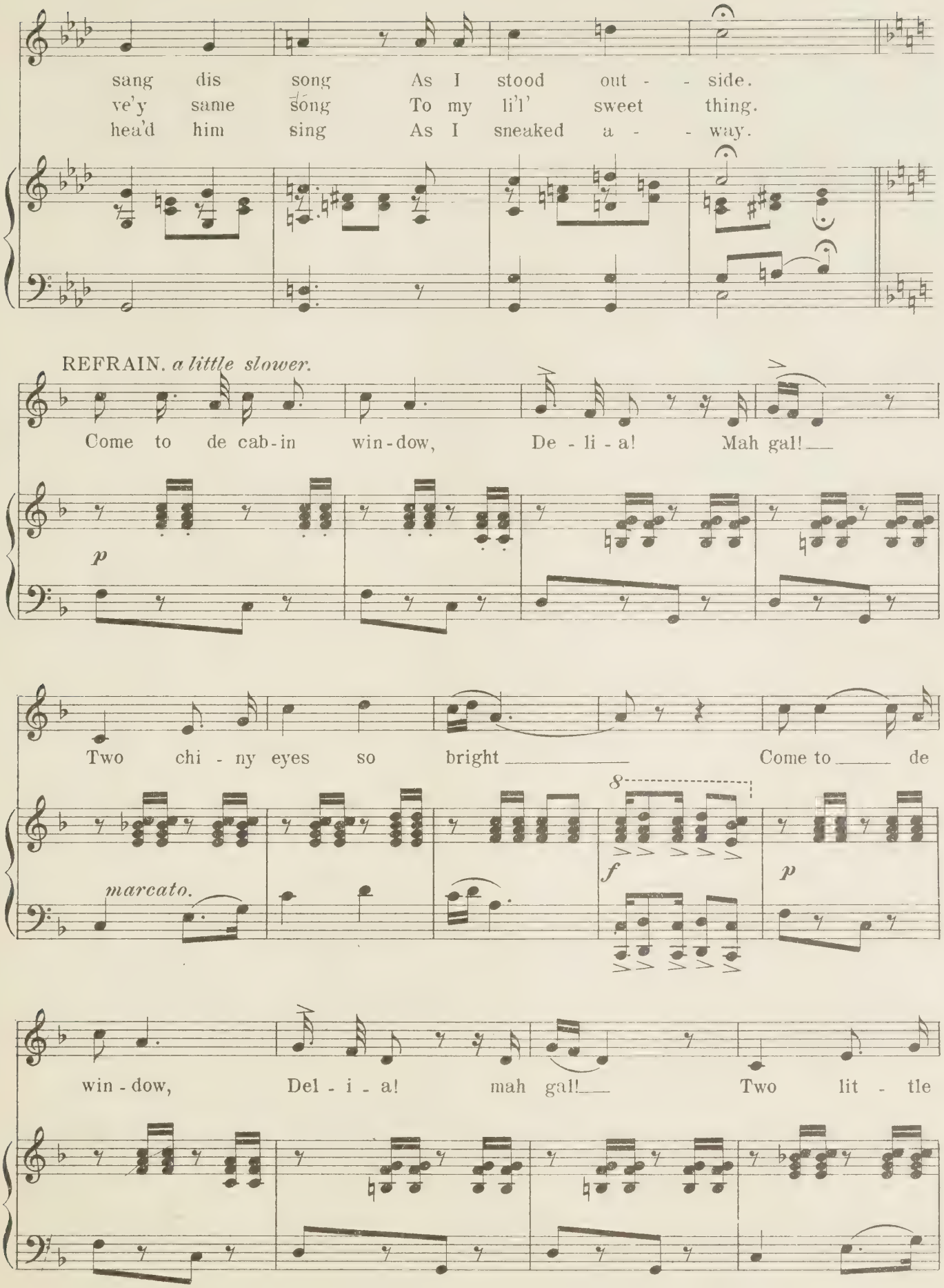

vis - it - in' heah. Miss De - lia was de sis - tah No
back fromout de night I slipped a - round dat cab - in I
Mis - tah Whitewas bad He weahs a big re - vol - vah A
el - dah Lu - cas Brown An' de dream - i - est dream dat ev - ah struck dis
kep' close in de shade Dah was E - pha-ham White he'dcome to seh - yah -
ra - zah an' someknucks As I did - n' want to die I sim-ply said "Oh,
town. I went to de cab-in Wheah deBrowns re - side I
nade. Mah coon blood was freez-in' When I hea'd him sing The
shucks! I doan' want no trou-ble Get killed if I stay" I


sang dis song As I stood out - - side.
ve'y same song To my li'l' sweet thing.
hea'd him sing As I sneaked a - - way.
REFRAIN. a little slower.
Come to de cab-in win-dow, De - li - a! Mah gal!
p
Two chi - ny eyes so bright Come to de
marcato.
8
f
p
win - dow, Del - i - a! mah gal! Two lit - tle

specks no white Oh Del-ia! I'd steal yo' Del - ia

f *mf*

steal yo' if I could But De - lia I'll be good.

f

Come to de win - dow, De - li - a! mah

gal! Heah in de pale moon - light.

D.S.

sfz *sfz* D.S.

No. 22. Loudly We Shout.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

f

CHORUS.

ff

Loud - ly we shout with un - af - fect - ed din Ki - ram goes out and

ff

ff

sfz

Budd comes in; Ki - ram goes out and Budd, and Budd comes in! For they

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know the girls they leave be - hind, All ci - vil - ian

love will spurn There is nev - er a one will

change her mind Till the vol - - un - - teers re -

turn.

sffz

№ 23. Foolish Wedding Bells.

Henrietta, Lieut. Hardy, Chiquita, Col. Budd & Wives.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.

Allegro moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

f

When you are feel - ing out of gear and
When you're de - spon - dent, sad and sore, when

p

blue as in - di - go The world de-void of a - ny cheer, Your
you've an emp - ty purse Sup - pose the wolf is at the door You

mf

p

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spir - its rath - er low Now this is what you ought to do and
can't make mat - ters worse There's a rem - e - dy for all the ills be -

mf *p*

a little slower.

that with - out de - lay Go seek the mat - ri -
set - ting mor - tal clay Go bor - row the mon - ey to

mf *colla voce.*

mon - ial mart get mar - ried right a - - way.
buy the ring get mar - ried right a - - way. For men they

rit. *p*

Tempo di Gavotte.

come and men they go Don't wait un - til to

p - f

mor - row For those who wait too long may know a

spin - ster's lot is sor - row. Shut your eyes: Grab a prize:

choose a male in the bar - gain sale To sin - gle joys your

poco rit. 1. *f* 2.

last fare-wells And ring those fool-ish wed - ding bells! For men they bells!

D.C.

sfz D.C.

March of the Candidates.

No. 24.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.

Tempo di Marcia.

Piano.

f *mf*

f

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1.

mf

2.

ff

1.

2.

№ 25. Finale III.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

f

KI-RAM.

And that is why you'll

un - der - stand I love my own my na - tive land The

CHO.

Su - lu

lit - tle Isle of Su - lu Hap - py Isle of

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CHO.

Su - lu

Su - lu I'm not read-y to say good - bye I'm

stacc.

ff Tutti.

might - y hap - py that I did not die. And that is why you'll

f

un - der - stand He loves his own his na - tive land The lit - tle Isle of

Su - lu Hap - py Isle of Su - lu He's not read - y to

say good - bye He's might - y hap - py that he did not die.

Mon-ey! Mon-ey! Mon-ey! Tell me shoot-ing star Mon-ey! Mon-ey!

f

Mon-ey! Tell me shoot-ing star Will the gold-en youth I'm seek-ing

come from near or far? Mon-ey! Mon-ey! Mon-ey!

SOPR. & ALTO.

Tell me shoot - ing star. Since I first met you

TEN. & BASS.

Since I first met you The o - pen sky a - bove me seems a

deep - er blue, so blue, Gold - en drip - pling sun - shine

warms me through and through Each flow - er has a new per - fume Since

Tempo di Galop.

I met you.

Tempo di Galop.

ff

Tutti.

Poor Ki - Ram his trou - bles all are end - ed

Great Ki - Ram, {our / their} rul - er tried and true, The

U. S. A. {Our / Their} na - tion has be - friend - ed Now {we / they} are

pointing to audience.

Yan - kees just the same as you.

stringendo.

End of Opera.

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